

York.
York Herald

The rays of light that penetrated the hovel were not bright, but they were warm. The steady still in asceticism and the heart grow cold. The place is about 8 to 10 feet, and the ceiling is high enough to admit a person in a stooping posture. This is the "barrigan" house—the hole, the den she calls it, the enduring name of home. What wretchedness, what poverty, what misery! The survey showed the furniture to consist of an old stove, a small coal box, used as a table, and a few broken chairs. The walls were mud and some old rags. Two women—the landlady and Mrs. Hennessy—sat upon the boards and looked at the reporter with a stare. In moment were plying their fingers and teeth in moping griefs from about a pound of boiled potatoes were served for their repast. The husband of Mrs. Hennessy had been vanquished by Mr. Rogers, just gnashed the door.

"How many of you reside here, Mrs. Kerrigan?"

"Five as you, list now—meaself, me husband, Pat, the baby, and Hennessy and her little boy. The other chiller comes home for a night or so."

"Where is Pat and the baby?" The drunken woman dropped, pulled up some old rags and exclaiming:

"There look at 'em. See that drunken brute and behold—the man who has been a creature partially mad and who has been in a comatose state upon his face." (This is Pat, the drunken bog that's after 'catchin' the wife, the little fellow who has been the ragged old jerk)—the lost little darlin' on the hill—Isn't she sweet?" We looked at the wife, the baby, the mother, the drunkard, drunk and thief, and a child, about four months old—both mottemed and quivering.

"How old is the baby?"

"Three months, if it any av yer business.

"Drawn up 'n' gone to the Shatos prison 'n' the devil, I suppose,"

"That's the way the moon called our attention to the corner, and there we saw that the brutal parent had rolled over upon the floor, freezing infirm. The sergeant endeavored to get up, but the moon shined and seized the officer by the arm, remarking, as he tried to balance himself steadily upon his legs:

"'Let Pat alone; the poor devil is drunk.'"

"You lie!" exclaimed the indignant Mrs. K. "He's not drunk, but tired. It's yer' sorry that's a drunk, an' not payin' yer board. If he's not or else he is, I'll have a chair at yer' old rotten bed."

Considering that the room was chairless Mrs. K. was not a very much more than justified in this tirade. The humane sergeant finally succeeded in extricating the infant from danger, and asked the mother—

"If you don't want the baby up in your lap and warm it."

"I don't choose to let that slag!s' drunkard take the baby, I'll have it," blurted the Newly Virgin.

Here Mrs. Kerrigan arose and gave Patrick a vigorous shake.

"The dirty, lousy dog, that he is; he came home last night drunk, an' I licked him. Didn't do no good. He's a drunkard, an' a tramp, pointin' to two discolored eyes and a cut on the forehead, from which the blood streamed all over his face.

"Do you ever go to church?"

"To church, is't? D—d a bit ov it. The

Some fifty or sixty houses were visited, nearly all of which presented scenes similar to the above. In two or three of the houses were encountered who were engaged in reading the Scriptures or other devotional exercises. In the majority of the houses, however, were these dens, perhaps fifty are sober, industrious, but poor people; five hundred are idle and in bad health; and a large number of whom sell out from their hovels at night to rob and steal, and should be provided with food and clothing. There were not found there enough for our missionaries, the Board of Health and the Commissioners of Education and Culture. We were glad to learn here ever troubled themselves about this vile fester on our moral body.

every article used in manufacturing a book is manufactured, foreign books are allowed to come in under a tariff of 10 per cent, and trifling that it is cheaper, in most cases, to make the books here than to manufacture them there. Not a book is made in the press that does pay at least fifteen separate taxes to the Government. The consequence is that a book costs here 25 per cent more than it does in the United States; that, in the case of cheap, paying titles, freight, and all other charges, the American publisher must sell a similar book, manufactured here, for more cost.

Such is the American publishers as care only to make money, and regard neither the development of a literature nor the culture of the citizens and the nation connected with the trade, are availing themselves of the tariff to keep the American market with books made in England, to the detriment, almost to the destruction, of the American literature and the American industries that have hitherto lived by book-keeping, from the paper-maker down to the printer, and the publisher, and the bookseller, starved out. America owes nothing to Eng-

perished to enrich *hers*; is a naïve, common-sense view of the situation. It is important that Congress must take legislation to destroy it by transferring the whole trade in books to the Federal Government. In the case, to London? While other industries are being carefully guarded by protection, is this the only one that is left to be slowly led to death? In the barbarous middle ages a horrible mode of execution was to pile up the victim's limbs one by one back and heavy weights piled on him till he died, it looks like bookmaking in America, in like manner, is being slowly and surely, to have its life pitilessly crushed out.

We cannot believe that this thing has been done deliberately. It is a crime that has opened, we are confident, by accident. In saying taxes on home manufactures, the tax on books was not intended. The tax on foreign books was laid, one after the other, without a corresponding duty being laid on imported books. This is a crime that has been committed. It was not only unjust to American history, as we have shown, but it "killed the goose that laid the golden eggs." If the books cease to be made at home, the internal taxes, sought to be collected in this way, will be lost. Life is a metaphor, and it is to paraphrase a poet's metaphor, takes a shining out of the treasury to put a penny in.

It is urged that the bill is not a part of a petition, which we believe is now in circu-

either bound, unbond, or in shewts. If we had space this week we could show why, in the absence of a better, more complete, and best, but we have already taken up enough of the time of our readers, at least for to-day. We regret to be so unhelpful, however, on a future reference to *the Literary Digest* for January 1, 1870.

The Brooklyn Knights of St. Crispin are discussing the question of pauper shoe-making in the almshouses of Kings county, N. Y. The next meeting of the Board of Supervisors will be held on the 20th inst. and the subject will be brought before them. The principal objections are to the spending of the money in shoe-making, and to the desire to procure a succuree for a "political friend," and the expressed desire to purchase for a like amount of money, that the country gentlemen might be supplied with its products, while depriving workmen of the means to pay.

HENRY COLA, of Marietta, Georgia, has subscribed as though a dollar, and is rebuilding the female college there, which "Mr. Sherman" converted into a large and irregular brick-pile.